Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quallity, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mon. To the plotforme maſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a ſouldier fit to ſtand by *Caſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
He'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it;
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Praiſes the vertue that appeares in *Caſsio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honeſt action to ſay
Iag. Not I, for this faire Iſl
I doe loue *Caſsio* well, and wou
To cure him of this euill: but h

Enter Caſsio, *driui*

Caſ. You rogue, you raſcall
Mon. What's the matter L
Caſ. A knaue, teach me my
wicker bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Caſ. Doſt thou prate rogue
Mon. Good Leiutenant; p
Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or Ile k
Mon. Come, come, you are
Caſ. Drunke?
Iag. Away I ſay, goe out, a
Nay good Leiutenant: God's-
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir, *Mo*
Helpe maſters, heer's a goodly
Who's that that rings the bell?
The Towne will riſe, fie, fie, L
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gen*

Oth. What's the matter hee
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt
Oth. Hold, for your liues.
Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant,
Haue you forgot all place of ſe
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to y
Oth. Why how now ho, fro
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*, and to
Which Heauen has forbid the
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by thi
He that ſtirres next, to carue f
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vp

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k